

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

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NO. 152.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays
—AT—
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

I understand if we recd. that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, INDIANAPOLIS, AUGUST 14th, 1886.

DEAR INTERIOR:—Although correspondance is no little bore in the hottest of the dog days, I want to write what I may call my "closing letter," for the present, at least, in this familiar spot.

For as touching the circumnavigation of the planet, our journey may be said to have begun and ended here; seeing we traveled steadily east from this point, till we landed from the west at the same spot day before yesterday. All to the praise of the dear LORD, whose guiding hand of gentle LOVE led us all the way, and brought us back.

As for the metropolis of the Hoosier State, it looks as it did four years ago, tho' greatly enlarged and beautified in the suburbs. The Grand State House, now nearly completed, was just rising above ground when we left.

Yes, just four years ago, a little later in this very month, we took up our quarters in this same Occidental Hotel, our good Methodist brother, Robinson, being the courteous landlord. He has been gone two years and we missed his portly form and cheery face not a little on arrival. The strangers who run it now are doing it well, and I will say in passing that it is one of the best \$2 a day hotels I ever stopped at.

Friends in short have called to see us, and the testimony on all hands that the "work and labor of love" of four years ago is still bearing precious fruits in so many hearts and lives, filled us with a great joy. I have an invitation to preach in Christ Church—Episcopal to-morrow morning, and in the new Tomlinson Hall at night Monday, we resume our journey, as our limited tickets to Louisville from San Francisco expire on that date.

Halting a day or two in Louisville, we purpose, if the LORD will, going on to Lexington, where we hope to begin our first meeting in Kentucky about Sunday, the 29th, at Woodland Park, which the manager has very kindly put at our disposal for an unlimited period.

If all goes well, and friend Slaughter is not so disgusted with our delay in coming to his pleasant retreat, as to cancel his kind invitation, and the Lexington meeting is not indefinitely protracted, we hope to make Dripping Springs by about the middle of September.

This Lexington invitation from the manager of Woodland Park came to us in San Francisco soon after Mr. Slaughter's proposal, as a very pleasant surprise, and seemed to settle the vexed question of where we should begin work in our native State, so opportunely, that we gladly accepted it. I hope it will soon approve itself on all hands as a God-appointed thing. At any rate, I am deciding, with pleasant light, just the level best I can. If I am blundering, the head and not the heart is at fault.

Let us bring up our ramblings, to date, before closing this "foreign correspondence." I don't mean that I expect this to be my last letter to the INTERIOR. I hope our pleasant relations as writer and reader may long continue. But of course there will not be the same need for regular communications, now that the daily newspapers will supply all information worthy of mention, as we go from place to place. But wherever I can get in a letter that I think will prove of general or particular interest to your readers, you may count on me, good Walton, to do what I can.

Well, we left San Francisco Monday, the 25th of July, after six weeks of blessed service for the Master, and great happiness for ourselves. Our good friends, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Fox, were unwearied in their attentions till we left, and I want all who love us to know how their gentle courtesies, which never for a moment flagged, from first to last, are appreciated by this Tropaeo Erangelique.

We also met there a Dr. Spence, an Englishman, who took to our gospel and whose courteous kindness won all our hearts in a way never to be forgotten.

Our dear friend Carl Clarke, formerly of Paris, Bourbon county, himself a railroad man, made a way pleasant for us in the matter of ticket-buying, extra baggage and the hundred little torments of travel that drive the average tourist wild, in such a starting point as San Francisco. When I got to thanking him for all the trouble he was so kindly taking for us, he said with a gesture of depression, "Don't talk that way, Mr. Barnes! If you just knew what a pleasure it is to do this! Why, if it was only a yellow dog from KENTUCKY, I would feel like doing something for him! How much more for you!" We were all touched with this hearty young Kentuckian's State pride and generous helpfulness.

Our route lay through Sacramento. Once across the bay and out in the open country,

we passed through a succession of fairly-cultivated fields, meadows and orchards. A low-lying, smooth outlined mountain ridge on either side in the distance. At the mouth of the Sacramento river, or where it widens into Pueblo bay, we crossed its waters on the largest ferry-boat in the world. This monster steamer takes a whole train on board at once. Three tracks are laid on its broad deck, on which portions of the train are successively run, and then the ponderous engines of the steamer do the rest. I had not before imagined any such huge receptacle, though I had known ferry-boats with single tracks, in the East, that took on railroad cars bodily, up to their own length. The leviathan has four boiler rooms and everything is on an unimaginable scale of vastness that must be seen to be appreciated.

Sacramento lies in a flat, marshy-looking, malarial-breeding spot, that does not strike my fancy as a desirable place to live in. But it has a prosperous look, and the folks who live there like it. The dome of the Capitol against the flaming western sky at sunset, was very impressive.

After leaving Sacramento the country became more rolling and park-like, till we reached the foot of the Sierras. These we were crossing all night and therefore largely missed the grand scenery that a daylight journey would have allowed us to enjoy. The young folks sat up till after midnight, peering into sundry star-lit abysses and gazing up at sundry dimly-outlined mountain crags, of which they raved next morning. We did once turned into our sleeping bunks and smiled at their enthusiasm when they attempted to awaken ours by hazy descriptions of things they had hardly caught a glimpse of.

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.]

BILL ARPON MEXICO.—We don't want any war. It will take a big thing to provoke a war now, so far as the South is concerned. Let cutting alone severely. He made his bed and let him lie on it. We don't want a few thousand men killed in defense of one vagabond, who got into trouble with malice aforethought. We have got a bad man on the border as Mexico has, and cutting it one of them. When our men catch a greaser over on our side they make quick work of him and nothing is said about it. Mexico has taken a good deal from us and we have taken a good deal of land from her. She has treasures and our people covet them. We have got people who would steal land from anybody. They tried to capture Cuba several times. They have stolen land from the Indians and have stolen about half of the public lands from Uncle Sam. We want too much. —[Atlanta Constitution.]

"Moonlight nights—they are the bane of railroad engineers," remarked a head official of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad last night. "All engineers dread moonlight nights. They try the nerves to the utmost. Engineers like to run on dark nights. On moonlight nights the trouble with them is no trouble at all—shadows. An engineer, looking out from his engine, sees before him all manner of shadows. He is sure that the dark shadow across the track he sees is a man or a rock, or some kind of an obstruction. He doesn't know, and he is kept in a state of nervous excitement all the time. Going around curves, along hill-sides, many curious shadows are outlined on the track and very often an engineer is so worked up over a night's ride that he is scarcely able to perform his duties." —[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

An alien can not become naturalized in this country until he has been here 5 years, with the exception of women and children under 16 years of age. Naturalization is not granted to aliens under 21, except as before named. The minor child who has been naturalized by his father's act may obtain a certificate of the fact that he is a citizen (naturalization paper) without reference to age. A court would probably grant such a certificate to the alien woman under 21 who had been naturalized by marriage with a citizen. The rule for alien males that they must be 21 years of age and 5 years resident is imperative.

THE ROBY HEADS THE LIST.—It is a popular error to suppose that the diamond is the most valuable of the precious stones. The relative value of the finer gems places the ruby at the head of the list, giving the diamond second place and following it the sapphire. What are known as perfect diamonds are not uncommon; but a perfect ruby is almost a fictitious value in the market as it is generally held at any price the owner sees fit to ask. One very choice stone, a little larger than an ordinary-sized cherry, is valued at \$7,000. —[Brooklyn Eagle.]

An immense quantity of jewelry is now made from thin layers of gold alloy upon an ingot of brass, formed while it is hot. On the ingot cooling it is forced between steel rollers into a long thin ribbon, each part of which is of course still covered with the gold alloy, incalescently thin, but which wears for years, and can be moulded into any shape.

I am sorry for you poor preachers, taking everything at reduced rates and prices. Why, when a merchant or grocer throws off 20 per cent. you can't tell him of his sins. I'll be glad when preachers will pay full fare on railroads and full prices for everything they get, then they'll be independent and not be afraid to preach as they ought. —[Sam Jones.]

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Dr. I. S. Warren, of Pulaski county, has been in town since Wednesday morning on professional business.

—The Colored Fair began Wednesday on the grounds of the white association and will continue three days. There has been good attendance thus far.

—The Knights of Pythias' new large room in the third story on the corner of Main and Third streets is said to be the handsomest in Central Kentucky. The order here is in a flourishing condition.

—The Danville and Henderson base ball clubs played three games this week. Tuesday, 5 to 0 in favor of the Danville; Wednesday, when interrupted by rain, 6 to 3 in favor of the Hendersons; only 5 innings; Thursday, 6 to 1 in favor of the Danville. The Hendersons left last night for Bowling Green.

—Mr. John J. Snow and Miss Elizabeth J. Murphy obtained marriage license on the 16th inst., and on the 18th Mr. Mar in Baker and Miss Lizzie Murphy also obtained license. Mr. Isaac Lyons has returned from Northern Michigan where he has been for two weeks past seeking relief from rheumatism. Mr. Frank Roberts, of New Orleans, is in town on his way to New York. He is a son of the late John U. Rochester and a native of Danville.

—Mrs. J. M. Turner, of New Orleans, formerly Miss Minnie Grimes, of this place, arrived Wednesday and will remain with friends here several weeks. Miss Sallie McGrath returned to her home in Lexington Wednesday. Col. J. W. Guest has returned from Chicago. His splendid two-year-old, Terra Cotta, is now at Lexington, preparing for the fall races, in which he is expected to still further distinguish himself. Prof. J. B. Walton and family have returned from a visit to relatives in Virginia. Mrs. M. E. Moore, Mrs. J. K. Samrall, Misses Mary Holmes and Lillian Samrall are at Chautauque, New York. Mr. Hugh Craft, of McComb City, Miss., a former college student here, is in town. Mrs. A. P. Mills and child, of Louisville, are at Mr. Richard Foley's. Mr. T. S. McWilliams, valedictorian of the last graduating class of Centre College, is visiting the family of Mr. J. J. Craig and other friends. It is his purpose to enter the Theological Seminary here when the fall term begins. Danville friends of Rev. Geo. O. Barnes are disgusted with the "Lijon" picture of that gentleman which appeared in the Louisville Times Wednesday evening. Mr. Robert Caldwell, Jr., who has been visiting his father's family in this county, returned to Kansas City Wednesday, taking with him the little son of Mr. J. B. Welsh, of that city. Mrs. John L. Ford, of St. Louis, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Jas. Kincaid. Mr. Lon D. Hinman, of Washington, Ohio, is here visiting his brother, Mr. D. S. Hinman.

The mint-julep is an old colonial Virginia drink. It was invented in Virginia by a wealthy planter, who had a company of friends at his house. A great hail storm came up, he gathered the hail stones, and on the inspiration of the moment, concocted that delicious beverage which we call mint julep. In some spread, but at first they never made it except when it hailed.

A little boy playing in an old log house at Richwoods, Mo., lost a marble through the floor and crawled under the house to get it. He found there a tin pail full of gold and silver coin. The amount proved to be \$1,000. It was the property of an old gentleman of the place, who had hidden it there in 1794, and afterward not finding it readily, thought it had been stolen.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve
The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Callouses, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

An Old Citizen Speaks.
Mr. J. M. Norris, an old citizen of Rome, Ga., says that he had been badly troubled with Kidney Complaint for a great many years and with Rheumatism for three years; that he scarcely walked, and had tried many remedies without benefit, before he began taking Electric Bitters and, and his hands with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. This treatment afforded him great relief and he strongly recommends Electric Bitters to all who suffer with Kidney Complaints or need a Blood Purifier. Sold by Penny & McAllister.

Most Excellent.
J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; having found it to be all that you claim for it, desire to testify to its virtue. My friends to whom I have recommended it praise it at every opportunity." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup and every affection of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Trial Bottles Free at Penny & McAllister's Drug Store. Large size, \$1.

Positive Cure for Piles.
To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchesi's Italian Pile Ointment—entirely guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.
We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchesi's Cathartic, a Female Remedy, 1 cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down falling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Druggists. Prices \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchesi, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Some minor needed repairs and improvements will soon be made to the interior of the court room at this place.

—The Cabinet Furniture Factory at this place is doing a thriving business. About 15 men are employed all the time.

—E. K. Behrman has taken the oath and is now the county attorney of Rockcastle county. The other officers elected will take their places in September.

—A chance of venue was granted L. B. Carter and Willis Adams to Lincoln county. Their cases were set for the 8th day of the Lincoln circuit court. No indictment was returned against McCure. The grand jury only reported about 25 indictments.

—The wind and rain storm last Tuesday evening did much damage to the corn crop in this county. The corn is nearly all blown flat down and a great deal of it is broken off. In many places fences were blown down and washed away by the high water.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Pointer are moving to the room over Pointer's store. R. E. Thompson and wife and Mrs. Briggs will keep house at the old homestead. Dr. A. G. Lovell and family have removed to Mr. Moore's and Nate Evans will occupy the property vacated by Dr. Lovell.

Senator Gorman reports Mr. Tilden a having said to him: "I will live to see the day when every republican who has any self respect will be heartily ashamed of the part they played in that political drama, which gave Hayes an office to which he was never elected." While this has not wholly come to pass, Mr. Tilden lived to see Hayes receive the contempt of the people of the United States almost without exception and regardless of party prejudices.

For Instant Use

As a reliable remedy, in cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, or sudden Colds, and for the prompt relief and cure of throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. E. G. Elderly, Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes: "I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy for home use. I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults." John H. Stoddard, Petersburg, Va., writes: "I have never found a medicine equal to

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

for the prompt relief of throat and lung diseases peculiar to children. I consider it an absolute cure for all such affections, and am never without it in the house." Mrs. L. E. Herman, 187 Mercer st., Jersey City, writes: "I have always found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral useful in my family." B. T. Johnson, Mt. Savage, Md., writes: "For the speedy cure of sudden Colds, and for the relief of children afflicted with Croup, I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is the most potent of all the remedies I have ever used." W. H. Stickler, Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of a severe lung affection, supposed to be Quick Consumption. We now regard the Pectoral as a household necessity." E. M. Breckenridge, Brainerd, Minn., writes: "I am subject to Bronchitis, and wherever I go, am always sure to have a bottle of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

with me. It is without a rival for the cure of bronchial affections."

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AND BY SPECIAL AGREEMENT COMBINED WITH THE

Interior Journal at \$3.50 Per Year.

NOTICE.

I have one 2-year-old registered bull and one 2-year-old and several good yearlings, entitled to a register, for sale cheap.
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G. B. HARRIS, Ag't

Wm. Deering & Co.'s Mowers, Binders and Reapers,

Crab Orchard, - - Kentucky.

114-4m

PIANO TUNING.

The John Church Co. will have a first-class piano tuner in Stanford the latter part of August or the first of September. Those wanting tuning done will please leave orders with Miss Rose Richards or Miss Ella Ramsay. Satisfaction guaranteed.
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Again offers itself for public patronage. With increased facilities, enlarged Faculty and an elevated course of study, it affords unusual opportunities for the education of our daughters.

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139-2m

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—I have now—

A Full Line of Wheat Drills and other Agricultural Implements,

—Besides a—

Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a

Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as

Low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,

112-4m

L. M. BRUCE.

BOURNE!

—FROM WHENCE—

No Traveler Returns Sick!

In these tight times each buyer should consult his own interests. Why should you give one merchant 50c for an article when you can buy the same thing from another for 40c. To do this is not justice to yourself or family.

In the next place, you should beware to get good articles. Poor goods are dear at any price. Nowhere is this more so than in medicines. You might as well pay 50c an ounce for saw dust as for inert medicine.

Bourne has just received his large stock of Medicines of all kinds. Every article fresh from the manufacturers. He now has the nicest and cheapest selection of fancy goods, show case articles, &c., &c. The celebrated Laurens' Spectacles and eye glasses a specialty. The best brands of mixed paints—every can warranted. Splendid Jewelry, sewing machine goods, anglers' goods, artists' goods, chromes, frames, lamps, brushes, books of all kinds, stationery, a thousand articles for the dear grandmas, maiden aunts and the smartest baby in the business—all at

Dr. M. L. Bourne's New Drug Store,

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Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, Dengue (or "Break-bone" Fever), Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from Malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884.
"For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever, having Chills every other day. After trying various remedies recommended to cure, I used a bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and have never since had a chill."

EDWIN HARPER.

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H. K. TAYLOR,

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I offer for sale privately my

FLOUR AND GRIST MILL,

On Dix River, 5 miles from Danville, on the Danville and Lexington turnpike. It is a very valuable piece of Property and can be had at a bargain by addressing me at once at Stanford, Ky.

143-1m

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MT. VERNON, KY.

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83-6m

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One Cent Per Pound.

Accounts due at the close of each month, or when customer quits.

122-1f

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STANFORD, KY.

The Next Session Opens September 1.

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W. F. WALTON.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Congress,

JAMES B. MCCREARY.

Of Madison.

A ROYAL ovation was tendered Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge in the shape of a barbecue and burgoe at Midway Tuesday. Senators Beck and others made speeches and letters and telegrams from many distinguished gentlemen were read. Col. Breckinridge himself made a speech an hour and a half long, notwithstanding the weather, which was as hot as hades. Discussing the administration he said: Mr. Cleveland is a democrat; not exactly our kind of a democrat, but as good a democrat as any man can be who was born in New York or New Jersey and has never been west of the Alleghenies. And he has been doing the best he could and doing some pretty good work at that. In the South we see very few gentlemen who call themselves republicans in office. The President has got his friends in office in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. That is best, no doubt. With those States and the South we can always carry the country.

CONGRESS can only declare war and as it discussed the Cutting question and failed to take any steps in the matter, it is safe to presume that that body is not particularly anxious to go to war with Mexico or any other country. The South especially has had enough of war, though here and there those who have never smelled powder are anxious to fight. The Lexington Artillery for instance, which had a picnic at Morehead, has offered its services to the Secretary of War, but should hostilities be declared, they will find that fighting Mexicans is not like maintaining an armed neutrality in Rowan.

AND now comes another rumor of war. It will be remembered that China demanded an indemnity of \$140,000 for the depredations inflicted upon Chinese at Rock Springs in Wyoming and that Congress refused to grant it. The Chinese government is increasing its armament with great haste and has ordered 200,000 rifles. This is interpreted to mean that that government proposes to take advantage of the opportunity while the United States is upon the verge of a crisis with Mexico and force us through the American interests in China to pay up and failing to do so to retaliate.

The Southern Exposition will open at Louisville August 28th with imposing ceremonies. There will be a street parade of all the military, fire department, police department and citizens, and the houses and streets generally will be decorated. At noon the Exposition of 1886 will be inaugurated with the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells and blowing of whistles all over the city. All the railroads have agreed to furnish transportation during the continuance of the exhibition at one fare for the round-trip.

THE Ohio democrats in convention assembled have declared for a reduction of tariff taxes to the lowest rates consistent with an economically administered government, and endorsed the administration of Cleveland. It is not very important, what Ohio democrats do, but we give this as a pointer as to the way the wind is setting.

SENATOR CRAVEN, of Henry county, has announced his candidacy for the Attorney Generalship. There are several other candidates in the field, including the present incumbent, P. W. Hardin, but it looks now that ex-Superior Judge A. E. Richards has the edge on the nomination, which will not be made till next spring.

THE Pennsylvania democrats nominated Chauncey F. Black for governor; straddled the tariff question and endorsed the "democratic reform administration" of President Cleveland.

THE democratic candidate for governor of Alabama was elected Tuesday by a majority of 100,000. The South seems to be getting more sold than ever.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The steamship fare from New York to London is now down to \$12, owing to a fierce war of rates.

—The official vote in the 7th district is at last all in and Carr is elected Judge over Leslie by 4 majority.

—At Jackson, Tenn., Eliza Woods, the negro woman who poisoned Mrs. Wooten, was hung by a mob.

—A Massachusetts woman poisoned her son to get the insurance on his life, so that she could go to Europe.

—A boy was shot through and through with a rifle ball while robbing a melon patch in Hardin county.

—Admission to the Louisville Exposition will be 50 cents, except on Saturdays, when the charge will be 25 cents.

—A convention to nominate a candidate for Congress in the 31st district has been called for September 28th at Franklin.

—It is denied that Secretary Bayard intends resigning. In addition to his family bereavements he feels keenly recent attacks on his official conduct.

—Franklin R. Stout was killed by Christopher Emmons, a discharged employe, near Princeton, Ind., Tuesday, because he refused to settle with him.

—John T. Davis, the O. & M. agent at Huron, Ind., was killed by a burglar, whom he was pursuing. The latter was caught by the Chicago police.

—The daughter of Capt. Howgate, defaulting officer of the signal bureau, has been appointed to a clerkship in the treasury department.

—A boiler exploded in a carpenter shop at Ashland, Wis., Tuesday, instantly killing five persons and wounding two others. A lack of water caused the explosion.

—In Marion county, West Va., a violent rain storm swept away the house of John Snoderly, whose family, consisting of his wife and four children, were drowned.

—Wm. Gray, Jr., treasurer of the Indian Orchard (Mass.), Cotton Mills and of the Atlantic Cotton Mills, Lawrence, has disappeared. The shortage is a half million dollars.

—The President, Mrs. Cleveland and the mother-in-law have gone to spend a month in the Adirondacks. Grover forbids the newspaper men to follow him, but they did so all the same.

—Judge J. H. Lewis, of the Court of Appeals, has brought suit against John R. Proctor, State Geologist, for \$1,035 and alleges that Proctor has transferred his property to avoid paying it.

—A company has been organized in New York to build a railroad from Knoxville to Cumberland Gap, where it is expected it will be joined by a branch of the Louisville & Nashville from London, Ky.

—Mrs. Cleveland's photographer is printing 500 pictures of the President's wife every day and can not supply the demand. This shows the effect of a veto of one of the President's vetoes.

—At the National Association of ex Prisoners of War, which met at Buffalo Wednesday, a committee was appointed to prepare resolutions asking Congress to pass a measure placing all ex-prisoners of war upon the pension rolls.

—Mr. Powderly says of the coming convention of the Knights of Labor at Richmond: "I shall go to the convention fully determined that no member of any other organization shall have a voice in influencing the actions of the order. Anarchism will not be tolerated and can have no influence in our order."

—The new silver certificates authorized at the last session of Congress will not be ready for issue before November 1. The \$1 certificate contains a vignette of Martha Washington; the \$2 of Gen. Hancock in full uniform and the \$10 of Vice-President Hendricks. Either Gen. Grant or General McClellan will adorn the \$5 certificate.

—An act of the Legislature thus regulates the dates that certain game may be hunted, captured or killed: Dove shooting begins August 15th and ends November 1; quail shooting from October 20th to January 21. For every dove or quail killed or captured, except from and during the above dates, a fine of \$5 for each bird so killed or captured will be assessed and imprisonment until such fine is paid.

—Only the heads of dead statesmen are engraved for Government vignettes for use on stamps. The adoption by the Internal Revenue Office of Mr. Tilden as a subject of the oleomargarine stamp vignette is a recognition of the dead chieftain of democracy. The likeness has been placed in the hands of an expert Government engraver, from which a steel or copper plate will be made, which will constitute the new stamp.

—The Delaware Democratic State Convention met yesterday, nominated ex-Congressman Benjamin T. Briggs for Governor, endorsed President Cleveland's Administration and pronounced in favor of "such a reduction and modification of our tariff laws as will relieve the people of the country of unnecessary burdens while providing the necessary revenues to meet legitimate demands upon the public treasury."

—A horrible story comes from France to the effect that the sons of an imbecile widow, failing to secure admission for her to a mad house, and being unwilling to support her, tied her to a stake, built a fire about her and burned her to death. While their mother was suffering the pangs of death, the brutes sprinkled "holy water" over her. Being arrested, they confessed their unnatural crime and said they killed their mother through religious motives.

A FORMULA FOR TELLING A GIRL'S AGE.—Girls of a marriageable age do not like to tell how old they are; but you can find out by the following subjoined instructions, the young lady doing the figuring: Tell her to put down the number of the month in which she was born, then to multiply it by 2, then to add 5, then multiply it by 50, then to add her age, then to subtract 365, then to add 115, then tell her to tell you the amount she has left. The two figures to the right will tell you her age and the remainder the month of her birth. For example, the amount is 822; she is 22 years old and was born in the eighth month (August). Try it.—[Crested News.

The expressions of "buying a pig in a poke" and "letting the cat out of the bag," came from the old practice of bringing little pigs to market in a bag and selling them by weight without opening the bag. Some tricky dealers substituted a cat for a pig, and the discovery of this caused the expression of "letting the cat out," or a premature disclosure.

"I am one of the starvers. These are the times in which a man of skill and brains has to humble his pride and get down and run some thimble-pigging machine, or else go without bread. I am hungry. Why do I talk this way? Because I am a lawyer's scrivener, without a job. For many years my handwriting was the pride of the bench and bar, and scores of cases have been won just because the briefs were in my chirography. Lawyers use to make engagements with me weeks ahead to write their briefs for 'em and pay me my own price. I was a scrivener and an artist. But now nobody wants me. There is no writing to be done. Whenever I apply for work the first inquiry is if I can run a typewriter. I cannot run a typewriter, and I never will learn. I will starve first. These chits of girls with their rattly-clickety machines have got the best, and we poor old artists have got to sit down."—Chicago Herald.

Stanford Female College.

The Faculty of this institution has been increased by the addition of three teachers. Thus, all the departments are represented and the school enters upon the coming session with advantages for young ladies that will compare favorably with any of our first-class female colleges. A word or two in regard to the new teachers may be of interest to the patrons and public.

Miss Laura Lee, who will teach modern languages, is from Bethany, W. Va., and is a member of the Christian Church. She graduated in the scientific course at Bathany, which course includes French and German, mathematics and the sciences. Since then she made further progress in these languages under a graduate of Schele De Vere, one of the finest teachers of modern languages in the United States. She has also become familiar with the "Meister-schaft" and the "Savonarola" methods of teaching these languages. Having been thus trained, she speaks these languages fluently, has the best pronunciation capable of being acquired by our girls and has the decided advantage over a native teacher in being at home in the English and not having to appeal to pupils for words or elegant translations into our language. President C. L. Loe, of the Lexington University, says: "Miss Lee was a very capable and diligent student, made fine progress in everything and I have good confidence in her as a teacher every way."

Miss Bettie G. Hurt, the Art teacher is from Marion, Ala., and is a member of the Baptist Church. She took the gold medal in art at the Judson Institute and, since, has been pursuing her studies with zeal and fine success. The art department of the Judson ranks among the finest in the South. Miss Neilson, art teacher at Hollins Institute, Virginia, thus speaks of Miss Hurt: "Her artistic attainments are of the high order and any school seeking a first class teacher will be pleased with Miss Hurt."

Miss Norwood, her teacher, says: "I have found her endowed with rare talent, good taste and unfailing industry in her art studies."

From the Aberdeen (Miss), Weekly: "Among the oil paintings there was a feast of roses; on one plaque, a lovely bouquet, almost breathing fragrance; on another, a gorgeous bunch of jacquemints, so real that we fancied that the bright sunshine without had brought us in April our June treasures. However, on all sides there were exquisitely-painted blossoms, which for the time reconciled us to our tardy spring, while on the walls hung pretty landscapes, which, with the picture of a noble stag, spoke of summer days and shady woods. Great attention had been paid to China painting, and it was an infinite satisfaction just to handle the dainty plates and cups and saucers, with the trailing arabesque wreathing them, or sprays of blue forget-me-nots, or vines of berries, with richly-tinted leaves and delicate flowers. There was a fish set, so accurately painted that Isaac Walton himself, could, had his shade appeared, identified each of the finny tribe depicted there, while a game-set near by was as suggestive of the huntsman's spoils as if the brace of partridges and other birds were instant with life. A soup tureen was especially noticeable; an aquatic design was chosen and so faithfully had the beautiful tints of the waters at low ebb been caught, so naturally did the sea-weeds trail in the shallow depths, that a vision of our gulf coast arose unbidden before us, and we were lost in memories, until a sight of the turtle upon the top recalled us to things material by suggesting the appetizing soup. Some lovely vases next attracted our attention; here the novelty of the designs conspicuous everywhere, was most apparent; disks encircling monochromes, or tiny gems of smiling landscapes, were themselves framed by graceful vines. The pen and ink etching on linen showed rare skill. Among the exhibits of the young artists was an exquisite face upon porcelain; also a marked success and evidenced clearly the artistic talent in our midst, and spoke volumes in praise of the young teacher, Miss Hurt, of Marion, Ala. * * During the Art Lecture at the College, all day long, the studio was filled with an admiring crowd. The exhibition was particularly fine."

Miss Lucy A. Hobson, who will take charge of the Department of Music, is from Christiansburg, Va., and is a member of the Presbyterian Church. Her musical education has been very extended and thorough, including piano, organ, guitar and vocal. Besides the course in the Female College of her native town, she has been making music a specialty for several years, having received instruction from such teachers as Keisner, a pupil of the renowned Thalberg, and also from the Director of the Conservatory of Naples. C. S. Walker, President of Female College, Ala., says of her: "I take great pleasure in stating that as a teacher of instrumental and vocal music, no one can be found more proficient, efficient and successful in that department than Miss Hobson." W. S. White, principal Female Seminary, Helena, Ark., thus writes: "Miss Hobson is an accomplished vocalist, possessing a voice of wonderful register, an instrumentalist of high order and possesses the happy faculty of imparting instruction."

The next session of the College opens Wednesday, September 1.

Facts tell more than theories. High license in Illinois, according to the last reports, has increased the revenue of the State from this indirect tax on liquors from \$700,000 to \$1,500,000; has reduced the number of saloons from 10,000 to less than 9,000; and in a large number of small villages has abolished liquor shops altogether. In the city of Chicago alone, the license revenues from \$200,000 has increased to \$1,500,000, with a reduction of 600 places licensed.

AN INSURANCE ADJUSTER.

QUER PEOPLE ENCOUNTERED IN THE COURSE OF BUSINESS.

An Opinion of the "Business" Woman—The Curious Side of Human Nature—Value of Damaged Property—Absurd Notions—Honesty and Trickery.

"The more I come in contact with the female representative of this day and generation, the more I am convinced that she is a curious and remarkable phenomenon," which remark from a blonde young man who certainly could never have experienced any very harsh treatment from the sex naturally became the subject for investigation.

"Don't get excited," continued he of the yellow mustache, lazily lighting a cigarette, "you are not to be treated to a 'confidence,' I am considering lovely woman at the present moment solely from a business point of view. My position in the adjuster's department of a fire insurance company affords me opportunities to study the female character in a variety of phases, and I repeat that it is a complex and remarkable thing."

"You must strike queer fish of all sorts in your line," suggested the reporter as the young man paused.

"Lots of them," was the quick response. "Nothing but queer fish it seems to me sometimes, or else the business is peculiarly apt to develop the queer side of human nature. Our office used to insure among the foreigners over in the Hester and Essex streets tenements. There's where you run against queer fish. Such places as they are. Ugh, it fairly makes my nose ache to think of them now! They are mostly tailors and fur sewers and the like; they are a prolific lot, and one room or two at most answers for a family of from seven to ten to eat, sleep and work in. You may fancy the smells one would strike. And the cat! No family over there is complete without the cat. The cat does all the mischief, too. The unfailing reason for all the fires is, the cat tipped over the lamp. It is an established joke among the offices that take these risks—this ubiquitous and perennially mischievous cat of the east side Bohemian."

VALUE OF DAMAGED PROPERTY.

"Then arson is a common crime in that community," suggested the reporter.

"Arson unproved, but not unquestioned. Curious, too, for they get very decent furnishings and excellent clothing, and then damage them for the insurance."

"You insure anything and everything, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes—that is, if it is specified. A woman over in Paterson the other day showed me among the debris of her fire a dead canary bird in a blackened cage. She wanted compensation for its loss, but the company would not grant it. It should have been covered by a special policy, as they often are. Paterson are very communally sured, and a woman not long ago asked me to write in her policy, as she put it, 'Protection for them goldfish,' pointing to a couple of the little shiners squirming about in a seven-inch globe. I told her fire would never kill those animals—the creatures were gasping then in their narrow quarters."

"It's always the women that have the absurd notions about insurance, although the men are pretty nearly as bad about trying to increase the value of damaged property. A little storekeeper in the wilds of Brooklyn was partially burned out last winter. He kept lace chiefly, and all that were injured were of the cheapest quality, but his claim for the moiety of stock burned was a good round one."

"Now, you know, we don't make gifts to the assured; we simply indemnify, and I said to our friend, 'How's this! these other laces all told won't sum up to what you want for the two or three boxes burned.'"

"Oh," said the old fellow, lowering his voice confidentially, "I tell you how dot vas. In dose boxes I keep my most expensive laces. Dem laces vas fine like a cobweb and all hand made, and so on, till, according to his elaboration, nothing short of the value of old rose point could compensate him, but the company thought differently, finished this young damage appraiser dryly; "It frequently does."

"Yet we don't haggle; we are honest with honest men, but when we tackle some one trying to play sharp, we are apt to see that he or she gets no more than he or she is entitled to. What do you think, now, of the cheek of a fellow down south who actually sent us up his policy soaked with the kerosene with which, as it was afterward proved, he had fired his property?"

"To return to the women. It is a common belief among them that they can get no indemnification if their policy is burned. And if their property is not all destroyed they think all claim for damages is nullified. Scores of them have come to the office explaining that the fire burned the house all up, but most of the furniture was saved, and they don't suppose they can collect anything, but they thought they'd come and see, because Mrs. So-and-so, some neighbor, said, perhaps they could. That's a positive fact."

"Yet women are persistent insurers; and how they treasure their policies! Why, out in a Connecticut farmhouse one day last summer, while I was waiting in the best room, what should I see hanging over the melodeon framed, and as a companion piece to the marriage certificate, but an insurance policy! That was an idea, wasn't it?"

"You insure hereditary valuables, heirlooms and the like."

"At their commercial value, yes. We pay nothing for their association to an individual. An autograph letter of Gen. Washington we would insure for a good sum, but a letter written by your ancestor of 300 years ago, however valuable it might be to you, the company would appraise at the price of the ink and paper, which would be nothing."

"How about jewelry and art valuables?"

"Wearing jewelry is included in household goods; special articles of jewelry are individually secured. Paintings, statuary, and the like are also specially insured."

"Then the peachblow vase would be entitled to a separate and particular policy?"

"Undoubtedly, but not, my dear sir, in our company for \$18,000.—New York Times.

A Distortion of Natural Shape.

It is well to study the style of our fashionable sisters nowadays, particularly because we are seeing the last of her shapeliness for years. What do I mean? That from the clinging garments of two springs ago they have already departed into an artificiality of outlines and a distortion of natural shape that has not greatly outraged grace and symmetry, but is bound to do so soon. The bustle has been replaced under the rear draperies, and is growing rapidly to abhorrent proportions. At present it distends the skirts to an extent which, if the wearer's body conformed to its limits, she would be deemed hideously deformed; but it is nothing to what it will be next year.—New York Cor. Chicago Herald.

The unpleasant odor left on the breath after eating onions is entirely removed by drinking a cup of strong coffee; and coffee boiling while onions are cooking counteracts the smell.—Western Flowman.

"Always aim a little higher than the mark," says an exchange. "What, like a girl on the way? Neyer, [Exchanging.]

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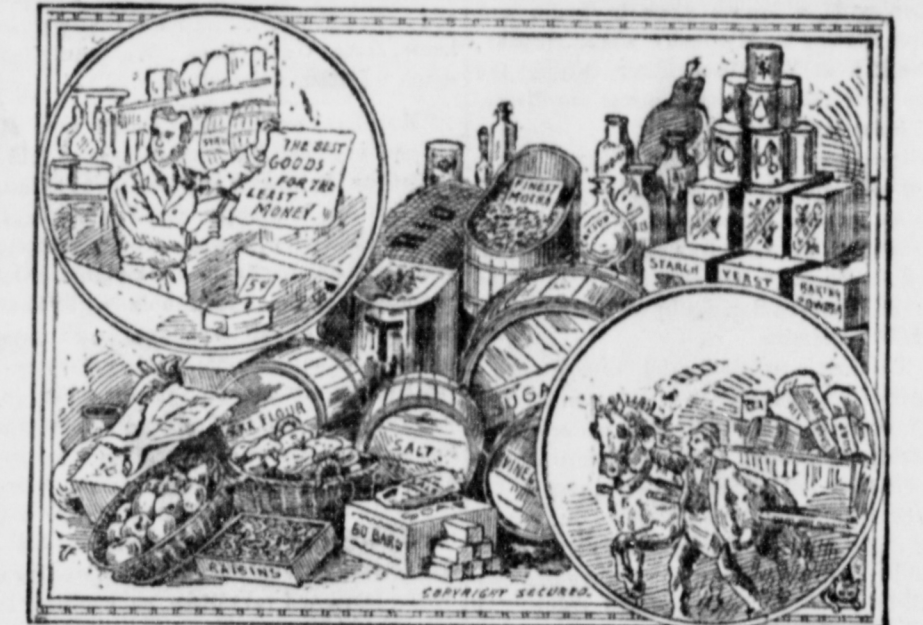
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MY FIRST PATIENT.

"And may I beg you to visit us in your private rather than in your professional capacity? Since my dear wife has been failing this sadly she has evinced a great dread of medical men, and were she to guess you other than an ordinary guest, I tremble for the consequences! The carriage will meet you at Blackburne station at whatever hour you name. Yours very truly,

"ARTHUR CRAWFORD."

This is an extract from a letter that I received on June 10, 1870, and being but a young fellow of 26, I was very much elated thereby. The great drawback to being what is called a specialist is that the generality of people—for whom I have never been able to discover—are afraid to employ you until you are well on in years, and consequently this Mrs. Crawford, for whom my services had been enlisted, was my first private patient. My specialty was madness, and firing equally of hospital work and of idling in my own rooms, I was heartily thankful for the good luck that had befallen me. In a previous letter Mr. Crawford had given a detailed account of his wife's symptoms, and now all arrangements were completed, and I was due at his Berkshire home on the following day.

When the train steamed into the little country station I found a carriage and pair ready to meet me. Evidently, to judge by the general get-up of the whole thing, the Crawfords were wealthy folk, and this impression was confirmed when we reached the house, which was standing in the midst of a lovely park. In true country fashion the hall doors were standing open and my host met me on the threshold with outstretched hands.

"This is exceedingly kind of you," he said, "and I am very glad to have you here at your very earliest convenience. Journey from your pleasant home? That's right, James, Mr. Lennox's things to his room. Lunch in the morning room, boy? Come along, my dear sir, you must be half famished." So saying he preceded me down a long corridor, whence I caught distant glimpses of a beautiful garden at the back of the house and into a snug little room where luncheon was laid. While I discussed a cold chicken Mr. Crawford when on chatting, and ere I went to my room for a wash and brush up before presenting myself to his wife, who were excellent friends, I do not think I ever met a man who so much charmed me at first sight; nay, he more than charmed, he captivated me. He was about 30 and exceedingly handsome, with fair curly hair and bright blue eyes. He had a bronzed complexion and a hearty laugh, and was altogether a most attractive specimen of a young Englishman. When I had finished luncheon his manner changed abruptly as he began speaking of his young wife.

"I did not like to enter upon the subject before you were seated," he began courteously; "but I am intensely anxious you should see her. For some months past she has been suffering from intense melancholia, and lately she has taken a deep distrust of those around her, most particularly of me." He stopped abruptly and bit his lip. "Doctor, I simply worship her," he went on passionately. "When I married her five years ago, she was the blindest, merriest girl in all the shire; and now, to see her like this—why, it breaks my heart," and he dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

There was an awkward pause, for I those days was too inexperienced to be master of a hand at consolation, and then I stepped nearer to him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder. "Come, come," I said cheerily, "there is no need to despair like this. We must hope for the best. How does she show her distrust of you?"

He raised his head to answer me. "By keeping the boy from me, for one thing. She will hardly let me touch him."

"The boy? A son of yours?"

"Our only child," he answered—"a dear little fellow of nearly four; and she betrays a terrible fear whenever I have him with me."

"Does she eat well?"

"Hardly at all."

"Sleep at night?"

He shook his head; and then followed a string of various professional questions. Our conversation at an end, I requested to be shown to my room, promising to be in the drawing-room for 5 o'clock tea, when I should be introduced to Mrs. Crawford.

"As Mr. Lennox, if you please," suggested her husband as we crossed the hall. "You remember that I asked you to drop the doctor, and wear an ordinary visitor?"

Of course I agreed; and then he told me he had spoken to her of me as an old college friend; and finally he left me to myself.

When I descended to the drawing room I found both Crawford and his wife waiting for me. He was standing by the open window playing with the climbing roses that were nodding by its sill; he was talking merrily as I entered, and looked the personification of life and good spirits. A girl was standing by the mantel shelf with her back toward me, and I had barely time to admire the slight figure and graceful pose before Crawford's voice rang out in hearty cordiality:

"Ah, there you are at last! Let me introduce you to my wife, Beatrice, this is Mr. John Lennox."

She had half turned when he began speaking; but as he said my name, she gave a sudden gasp and started up, with large startled eyes. I have seen the eyes of a snared bird and those of a hunted stag, but I have never seen such a look of pitious fear as welled in hers then. For one moment she seemed half mad with terror, but the next it fled as quickly as it came and she held out her hand in greeting. As she did so, an ugly scar on the smooth white wrist caught my eye. It looked to me like an unskilled but intentional cut from a knife, and while we were exchanging commonplaces as to my journey, etc., I was wondering as to whether she had ever attempted her own life. She was in the first flush of her womanhood; and her glorious blue eyes and coil of auburn hair would alone have sufficed to stamp her as a beautiful woman, had it not been that the curious expression of her face outweighed every other fascination. She gave me the impression of being literally consumed by a terrible dread of the nature of which I, of course, as yet held no clue; and with this dread, an equally strong desire to suppress all outward indication of it. Add to this the fact that her face was entirely colorless, and that the hand she had given me, in spite of the June sunshine, was as cold as ice, and it will be seen that my first case promised to be full of interest.

She poured out the tea silently, while her husband and I went on chatting, and she did not speak again until he proposed to ring the nursery bell.

"We have not seen Bertie all day," he added, "and I know you would like to show him off to Lennox."

"He is having his tea," she rejoined quickly. "Show him off in the morning, Arthur; I don't think we want him now."

"Oh! that is an unkind mamma! I wonder what Bertie would say to you! He can finish his tea here, dear. I'll fetch him."

"No, no, I'll go." She ran out of the room as she spoke, and Crawford turned to me with a weary looking smile.

"You see, Lennox, I generally give way but I am afraid of it growing upon her, if I

never see the child. He is such a splendid fellow!" As he spoke his wife returned with the boy in her arms.

"I met him in the hall," she explained. "He was just coming in from his walk. No, Arthur, don't take him; he is not at all heavy."

This last to her husband, who had advanced with outstretched hands. "Look here, Bertie, darling. Who likes cake?" She seated herself on a low chair, still keeping a jealous arm around the child, and went on talking, this time to me. "Arthur and I quarrel over this small boy." She laughed a little, but it sounded very mirthless. The last cause of dissension is his health. I think he is growing delicate and wants change, and papa doesn't agree. Does he, my beauty?"

The boy laughed as she held him yet more closely to her; and looking at his rosy cheeks and bright eyes, it seemed to me that there could not be a healthier youngster.

"I am afraid I must take papa's side," I said. "You must not allow yourself unnecessarily, dear Mrs. Crawford, for I think—"

He stopped abruptly, alarmed by the expression on her face. I was now at my work, he remembered, but I think that older men than I would have been frightened. Bertie had rebelled against the detaining arm, and sliding to the floor, had run to his father and climbed into his arms.

A fine game of romps now ensued, and the mother sat and watched them. Sitting there facing her, I, too, was watching. In my student days I had kept a tame lizard, and by whistling to it I had been able to direct its movements at will, and now I was reminded of my whiplow pet by watching Beatrice Crawford's eyes. Every motion of her husband's, as he ran round the room teasing the laughing boy in his arms, appeared to hold a fascination for her, and her gaze never left him but once. That once was when she walked swiftly to a further table and possessed herself of a paper knife, which she handed to me, consigning on its curious make. It was of steel and shapely pointed; and I handed it back again with the remark that it would make a nasty weapon if needed. She took it without glancing at me again; but her husband had caught her words, and now came up to us breathless and laughing, with Bertie clinging round his neck.

"Don't hold that thing, my darling," he said tenderly. "I hate to see such an ugly knife in your dear little hands."

"Give it to Bertie, mamma," cried the child, stretching out his dimpled hands for the coveted treasure; and with father, with an injunction to be careful, was taking it from her to give to him, with a muffled cry, she snatched the knife back and dashed it through the open window into the garden beyond.

"You shan't have it! you shan't have it!" she cried, excitedly, while a bright red spot welled on either cheek. "You shan't have it with that marvelous self-control she stopped dead short, and after an almost imperceptible pause, she added in her usual quiet tones: "Pray forgive me, Arthur, I am so afraid of Bertie hurting himself. Go up to the nursery, dear. Mamma will come to you."

Awestruck at her late passion, the child went gently out of the room, and his mother following him, I was left alone with Crawford. It went to my heart to see the patient, whom I had looked on as a case, but the scene had at all events put one thing beyond a doubt. Mrs. Crawford was not merely failing in brain power—she was mad.

A couple of days went by and I became fairly puzzled. All the ordinary verbal tests, when applied to my patient, proved complete failures. Her memory was excellent, and, indeed, in this respect she was far better than her husband, who was constantly forgetting things. As to her judgment, it struck me as above the average, for she was a widely read woman, and we had a stiff argument one night as to the merits of our favorite authors. She managed her own housekeeping, and capably she did it, too; and, in fact—not to exhaust the reader's patience by entering into details—the only visible outcome of her mental aberration was this extreme terror in which she lived, and for which I could find no reason. (I may remark parenthetically that the mad undoubtedly have rules of their own by which they are influenced. Experience thus teaching me that Mrs. Crawford had some reason for this, to us, inexplicable dread—even though it might be but a fear of her own shadow—it became my business to solve this reason.)

What baffled me most was the fact that while it was Crawford himself who primarily excited this terror, she was undeniably fond of him. Indeed the word "fond" is hardly sufficient, for she simply adored him. I never heard him express the slightest wish as to the household arrangements but it was instantly fulfilled; while every whim—and he was the most whimsical of men—was implicitly obeyed. In fact, at the end of a week I was precisely in the same state as when I first entered the house. But I felt angry at my non-success, I should have been paying a very enjoyable visit. Arthur Crawford was a capital host, and although, as I have already said, he was a very whimsical man, he was subject to unaccountable fits of depression, and I got on excellently together.

At the end of the week something happened which had the double effect of lowering me several inches in my own estimation and of placing matters in a totally different light. It was an exceedingly hot night, and after we had all gone to bed I was tempted to leave my room and seating myself by the open window in the corridor to indulge in an extra cigar. The fact that it was a fine moonlight night, and that while the corridor window boasted a lovely view, that of my own room looked into the stables, amply justified my choice of a seat. I had been there for perhaps an hour when I heard the Crawfords talking in their room, which was on a level with my own. Their tones were excited and eager, and fearing that Mrs. Crawford might be lashing herself into a fury, and that her husband might be ignorantly increasing it, I stole down to their door and stood listening.

"Arthur, dear, give it to me. You don't want it tonight. Why not wait until the morning?"

These were the first words that I caught spoken in Mrs. Crawford's usually gentle tones.

"Give it to you! No; not I! I know a trick word two of that. Ah, you think I don't know that you and that confounded meat-mouthed doctor are in league against me."

Crawford's voice, shrill and mocking, but undoubtedly his. Good heavens! was the man drunk! There was a moment's pause, and then he began again, this time more gently.

"Come, come, Beatrice. Drop this stupid joking. I only want to have a little cut at Bertie, just a little cut; and look! the knife is so bright and sharp, it cannot hurt him gently."

The wall seemed to reel around me as I leaned against it for support. In a flash of revelation that nearly blinded me, as I realized the full horror of the situation, I understood for the first time how matters actually stood. Crawford himself was the madman, and the devoted wife, whom I had been taught to look upon as insane, had known the truth all this time, and knowing it, for some inscrutable woman's reason, had shielded him, perhaps at the cost of her very life. In a moment the meaning of his many whims, the loss of memory, his fits of depression were made clear to me, and as I thought of the martyrdom through which his girl wife had passed, I burst into tears from the readiness with which I had been duped.

While these thoughts were running through my brain I had noisily opened the outer door and now stood in the dressing room peering into the bedroom beyond. The door between the two was standing open, but a heavy curtain hung in the aperture, and by making a little slit in it by means of my pen-knife, I was enabled to command a view of the interior. At the further end of the apartment lay Bertie asleep in his cot. Standing before him, clad in a long, white wrapper and with her auburn hair flowing over her shoulders, was the young mother herself, while at some paces from her stood Crawford, still in evening dress, and balancing in his fingers a long, glittering dagger that I recognized as one that usually hung in the library below.

By this time he had dropped his angry tones and was speaking in his accustomed pleasant fashion. "You know, dear," he was saying, "it really is necessary that we both drink some. Half a glassful of young and innocent blood and we shall both keep young and happy forever."

"Won't my blood do?" asked the girl desperately. She stretched her bare arms toward him and forced a smile to her poor quivering lips. "You are much fonder of me, aren't you, dear? I shall do much better."

He laughed softly. "No, no, my darling; not you. I wouldn't hurt you for all the gold in the Indies." He stopped suddenly, as if struck by his own words. "Gold!" he repeated. "Ah! yes, of course, I must have gold. Where did I put it, now?"

He retreated a few steps, looking uneasily from side to side.

"Perhaps you left it in the library. Ring for James. Or go to Mr. Lennox, Arthur; he will help you to find it."

He laughed again, a low monotonous laugh, to which my hospital work had but too well accustomed me, and then he moved nearer her, still balancing the dagger in his long nervous fingers. That terrible knife! If he had only put it down for a moment I could have rushed in and secured it before turning to him, but as matters were, cruel experience taught me that the instant he caught sight of me he would rush to the child and carry out his dreadful purpose in effect, and that the mother, in all probability, would fall the victim. On the other hand, I dared not quit my post to summon assistance and so leave Beatrice entirely at his mercy. I glanced round the dressing room, and the window cord caught my eye. It was new and strong. I cut it as high as I could reach and crept back to my hole at the curtain. Crawford was growing rapidly angry.

"Give me that boy," he cried, roughly. "Now off of the way, Beatrice, and let me have him." He caught her by the arm and dragged her from the cot.

"Arthur, Arthur! husband, sweetheart!" She clasped both arms around his neck and raised imploring eyes to his, but the sight of the thin white face only moved him to greater wrath.

"It is all your fault! I have not made you strong long ago," he exclaimed, irritably. "You never laugh now, and you can't sing, and you won't dance."

She drew rapidly back toward the cot, speaking in her ordinary quiet voice. "You shall do what you like with Bertie; I was only joking. Only we must have our dance first, you know."

With a sudden movement she stopped and lifted the sleeping child from the bed, talking all the time in an odd, merry voice, that still retained its old power over the poor madman. He nodded approvingly as she began rocking to and fro with the boy in her arms, and he moved a chair or two to give her more space.

"Dance, Beatrice!" he began whispering, a then fashionable valse, beating time to the air with the dagger of which he never relinquished his hold.

"Very well," she responded, cheerily. "Stand by the mantelpiece and give us plenty of room. Now, then, my baby boy; one, two and off we go."

My life has shown me instances of self-devotion in plenty. I have seen proofs of ready wit and more of indomitable pluck; but I have never seen so marvellously combined as on that terrible June night. Instantly taught me what she meant to do. She had persuaded her husband to stand at the end of the room furthest from the curtain that hid her one means of escape, and now she intended to hazard her only chance, dash through it, lock the door on the other side, and then go for help. Backward and forward, round and in round she circled, a weird enough figure in her white draperies. The little white feet were bare, and it taxed her utmost strength to hold the heavy boy in her arms; but with a sublime heroism of which I should never have believed her capable, she never once paused for breath. A miracle alone kept the child asleep; but when I saw the poor mother's lips move dumbly between the snatches of the gay valse she was humming, I felt that she was praying God he might not wake. Nearer and nearer the curtain she came, but to my horror I perceived that Crawford was growing uneasy and advancing slowly in the rear.

"Mrs. Crawford! Quick!"

There was not a minute to be lost. I tore the curtain aside, and she rushed toward me, but ere I could fasten the heavy door her husband was upon us. With a yell of baffled rage he was tearing after her through the doorway, round and in round she circled, and have reached her with uplifted knife, when I tripped him up, and he fell headlong to the floor. He was stunned by his fall, and while I fastened his hands and feet by means of the cut window cord his wife went back to the inner room and rang loudly for assistance.

Ere he came to himself Arthur Crawford was safely secured in my own room. Leaving him there under charge of the men servants I went back to see Mrs. Crawford. She was lying on the bedroom floor with her nervous fingers still tightly interlaced, and by her side sat her little son, warm and rosy from his broken sleep. He was kissing the pale lips as I came hastily into the room, and now held up a warning finger as I knelt beside them.

"Poor mamma is fast asleep," he whispered. "And she is so cold."

She was not dead. The long and frightful mental strain through which she had passed brought on brain fever, and for some days we despaired of her life; but she came through it bravely and ere the summer waned I had the satisfaction of installing both mother and son in a seaside cottage far enough away from her Berkshire home.

Crawford, poor fellow, only lived a few months, for a dangerous fall in the asylum grounds put a merciful termination to his torment. During those few days with her nervous fingers still tightly interlaced, and by her side sat her little son, warm and rosy from his broken sleep. He was kissing the pale lips as I came hastily into the room, and now held up a warning finger as I knelt beside them.

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known to any one, for she had a blind terror of a lunatic asylum in connection with her idolized husband, and hoped that a quiet country life, free from trouble and contradiction, might in time restore him. But had he never broken out before! I asked, for it seemed to me incomprehensible that so slight a frame should be capable of such courage.

Once, she said, only once, and then he had been bent on killing himself. In struggling with him for the possession of the knife he accidentally cut her wrist, and so occasioned the ugly scar that disfigured it. As for Bertie's presence on that fatal night, she told me he had always been accustomed to sleep in their room, and as I had refused to second her theory that the child wanted change of air, and so aid in sending him out of the house, she could devise no other means of getting rid of him.

And then I took my leave, and I have never seen Mrs. Crawford from that day to this; but still, in spite of a certain pair of sweet brown eyes which make the sunshine of my home, I am forced to admit that there is no woman on earth for whom I have such a boundless admiration as that unfortunate lady of whom I at one time thought as my first patient—Chambers's Journal.

THE LAW A POLITICAL SCHOOL.
List of Congressmen Who are Lawyers.
A Change Taking Place.

The law seems to be the preparatory school of political life in this country, though it is not so much so in England. Nearly three-fourths of the members of congress have studied law, and out of the seventy-six senators fifty-seven are put down in the directory as regular practitioners. John Sherman began his business life as a lawyer, and Henry B. Payne made his greatest reputation at the bar. The millionaire, Stanford, was a lawyer in Wisconsin, and he would probably never have been the great millionaire that he is had not his office burned to the ground, and the fire driven him to California. Both Teller and Bowen are lawyers, though they have made their millions in other ways. Nearly all of the southern men have practiced law, and Joe Brown, of Georgia, got his start before the bar. John A. Logan has tried many a law case, and Dan Voorhees is still a large practice in criminal cases. Senator Allison, after he graduated at the Western Reserve college, practiced at the Ashland, O., bar before he went to Iowa, and the cutting tongue of Senator Ingalls has carried up many a criminal before the Kansas jury. Beck, of Kentucky, is a lawyer, and both of the Massachusetts senators have practiced. Omar D. Conger tried his first law case within fifty miles of Cleveland, and both Cockrell and Vest are lawyers. George Edmunds is said to make \$50,000 a year by the law, notwithstanding his position in the senate, and there is hardly a senator of note who has not gotten his first training in a law office.

It is the same in other branches of political life. The lower house has over 300 members who have been lawyers, and its best men are those who have been engaged in active practice. It is so in the executive departments, and the greater proportion of every presidential cabinet of the past was made up of lawyers. Grover Cleveland is a lawyer; Arthur, Hayes, Johnson and Lincoln were lawyers, and so were Buchanan, Pierce, Fillmore, Martin Van Buren and Andrew Jackson. Thomas Jefferson was making \$5,000 a year at the law when he was married, and Madison and Monroe had each studied law before they got into politics. Looking back over the more prominent statesmen the same fact shows itself. Daniel Webster carried on his law practice during the whole of his senatorial career. Henry Clay was a strong man before a jury, and John C. Calhoun studied law after he left college.

People have the idea that Andrew Jackson was an illiterate man, but he had the bulk of the law business of Tennessee before he became very prominent politically, and Tom Benton was also a practitioner in the Tennessee courts before he went to Missouri. The Bayards have been lawyers for generations. Vilas, Garland, Lamar and Whitney are lawyers, and Elihu Root has been a judge upon the bench.

From the very beginning of our government the law has been the step to political preferment, but it will probably grow less so as the country grows older and more devoted to business. It used to be that the primary requisite for a congressman was the power of stump speaking. But the day of the speaking congressman has passed—"Carp" in Cleveland Leader.

At Dinner With a Great Man.
The proper number of guests for a dinner party is a difficult thing to settle. If they are men, by far the safer plan is to limit the number to four or make it more than a dozen. Six diners are too many to keep in one conversation, and it is difficult to make two sets of talkers out of so small a number. If there are a dozen or fifteen, the men naturally pair off or pull their chairs about into little groups. Never ask a great man to dine with small people. I remember a dire failure in the way of a dinner to which I was a party years ago. A college friend gave the dinner and all ten diners, with one exception, were classmates. The exception was an eminent man—the young host's uncle. He came to oblige the boy. He ruined the feast. We were appalled by his dignity, his official greatness and his ponderous concubination, and we sat and regarded him silently instead of enjoying ourselves. I am afraid that he was very much of a prig, too, for his manner was unpleasant in the extreme. Beside, he called us "boys," and what could be more galling to the college man than that? His influence over us may be estimated from the fact that when he refused antiques every solitary one of us did likewise, though they were a great delicacy to most of us.

As this man acted on our dinner so is a stranger of any pretensions apt to influence a dinner of ours. After all the only perfect diners are innumerable ones, and as for numbers—well, I see a great many gay haired and experienced men of the world dining about town just now, and I have observed that the number of diners is always two.—Brooklyn Eagle.

When Globbs Was Taken Aback.
You never can mention any subject in Blobb's presence but he knows all about it. Bass was saying that the Somerset man-of-war, which was wrecked on Cape Cod, was becoming rapidly buried in the sand. "I want to know," exclaimed Blobb; "and it seems only yesterday that she went ashore. I remember the circumstance well. It was a terrible night—a terrible night! Let's see—I don't remember the date, but it was—"

"Bass—it was Nov. 3, 1778. You've got a remarkable memory, Blobb, but I didn't think you were so old, indeed I didn't." In less than three minutes the pause in the conversation was broken by Blobb's remark that he believed he'd have to be going.—Boston Transcript.

The Catbird and the Chromo.
A nearly life-size chromo of a cat was placed where the birds could see it, and created great excitement. A catbird, however, coming up from behind, alighted on top of the picture in spite of the warnings from the other birds. Chancing to look down it saw the cat, and with a scream gave a doubtless backward somersault and left.—Upland and Meadow.

Not to be caught napping, the Negroes are massing troops at Union.

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